The Whistling Tree The musical or whistling tree is a native of the West Indies, Nubia and the Sudan. It possesses a peculiarshaped leaf and pods with a split or broken edge. The wind passing through these causes the sound which gives to the tree the name of "whist-In Barbados there is a valley filled with trees of this character, and when the trade winds blow across the islands a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it. A species of acacia, which grows very abundantly in the Sudan, is also called the whistling tree by the natives.

Alarm Among the Puny Jays. The Japanese are getting anxious about their physique, which is deteriorating so much that the land of flowers may in course of time become a land of babies. The military authorities have discovered that their men cannot use the ordinary rifle because it is too long for them and have been compelled in consequence to arm them with epecial short firearms. Recent investigations have shown that the students are among the worst developed specimens of humanity on the face of the earth, the finished product of the Japanese university generally presenting the appearance of a puny, sickly, undeveloped youth.

"Yes," grunted the great chief, they have come to set up their laws over our land and to take possession of the hills and the valleys and the fertile plains that have been ours. But they have paid a price that will stagger humanity!" Then taking the jug, for the contents of which he had traded off the lands of his tribe, he tilted the bottom toward the planet Mars and was satisfied.

Superannuation Allowance in Canada. According to the public accounts of the Dominion of Canada for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, the sum of \$325,560.47 was paid out by the Dominion in superannuation allowances to civil servants and others during the periods of 1898-1899.

Ladles Can Wear Shoes Corps size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing naiis, corps and bunions. At all drucgists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"Cycliste" and "cyclisme" have been accepted as dictionary words by the French Academy after a hard struggle, according to the London Daily Telegraph.

The Best Prescription for Chills
and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS
CHIL TONIC. It is simply iron and quintne in
a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c. Nearly half of the lightning strokes re-

ported occur out in the open, 34 per cent. in houses, 11 per cent. under trees and 9 per cent. in barns.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYE produces the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff. Sold by all druggists. During the year 1898 52,66; vessels of 34,-233,580 tons entered and cleared Chinese ports. Of these vessels, 743 of 239,152 tons were American.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Cuba is the greatest sugar producing country in the world, and its normal crop is Indigestion is a bad companion. Get 350,600 square miles, and extends over rid of it by chewing a bar of Adams' Pep- the central, south and northwestern in Tuti Frutti after each meal.

The number of summer students at the University of Berlin has trebled since 1873. It is 5,105 this semester.

Piso's cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Germany has a new association of li-brerians, sixty of whom recently had a con-vention at Marburg.

Chicago's latest count shows that it has 4,118 attorneys.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrupfor children feething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c, a bottla. During 1899 Spain bought sixty-seven ves-sels in England, most of them for Bilbao.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Sheep in Spain.

in Spain there are some ten million of migratory sheeep, which every year travel as much as two hundred miles from the "delectable mountains," where the shepherds feed them till the snows descend. These sheep are Day by day he will subsist on less food, known as transhumantes, and their until at last, when a mere shadow, he march, resting places and behavior are will drag his bony self to a relief staregulated by ancient and special laws tion. There he may get food-or he and tribunals, dating from the four- may not. If not, he crouches in some teenth century. At certain times no corner, or out in the fields, under God's one is allowed to travel on the same trees, and awaits the coming of death. route as the sheep, which have a right to graze on all open and common land on the way, and for which a road ninety yards wide must be left on all inclosed and private property. The shepherds lead the flocks, the sheep follow and the flocks are accompanied by mules carrying provisions, and large dogs which act as guards against the wolves. The merino sheep trave four hundred miles to the mountains, and the total time spent on migration there and back is fourteen weeks .-The Spectator.

REV. DR. TALMAGE. Has Five Knightho Sir George White, who has been made a G. C. V. O., has now no fewer

than five knighthoods. He is Sir

George White, G. C. B., K. C. B., G. C.

S. I., G. C. I. E., G. C. V. O. Only two

other British subjects, not of the blood

the marquis of Dufferin and Lord Rob-

erts, and they have but four each,

without their K. P.s. Among com-

moners, who cannot be K. P.s. Sir

George White stands alone. Indeed.

he is the only commoner with more

A BRAVE BIRD.

True Courage Not Incompatible with

Nervousness.

I suppose a bird is the bravest crea

ture that lives, in spite of its natural

timidity. From which we may learn

that true courage is not incompatible

with nervousness, and that heroism

does not mean the absence of fear, but

the conquest of it. Who does not re-

member the first time he ever ran

across a hen partridge with her

brood, as he was strolling through the

woods in June? How splendidly the

old bird forgets herself in her efforts

to defend and side her young! Small-

er birds are no less daring. One even-

ing last summer I was walking up the

Ristigouche from Camp Harmony to

Mowett's Rock, where my canoe was

waiting for me, to fish for salmon. As

I stepped out from a thicket on to

the shingly bank of the river a spotted

sandpiper teetered along before me,

followed by three young ones.

Frightened at first, the mother flew

out a few feet over the water. But

the piperlings could not fly, having

no feathers, and they crept onder a

crooked log. I rolled the log over

very gently and took one of the cow-

ering creatures into my hand-a tiny,

palpitating scrap of life, covered with

soft gray down, and peeping shrilly,

like a Lilliputian chicken. And now

the mother was transformed. Her fear

was changed into fury. She was a

bully, a fighter, an Amazon in

feathers. She flew at me with loud

cries, dashing herself almost into my

face. I was a tyrant, a robber, a kid-

naper, and she called heaven to wit-

ness that she would never give up her offspring without a struggle. Then

she changed her tactics and appealed

to my baser passions. She fell to

the ground and fluttered around me

as if her wing were broken. "Look!"

she seemed to say. "I am bigger than

that poor little baby. If you must eat

something, eat me! My wing is lame.

I can't fly. You can easily catch me.

Let that little bird go!" And so I

did, and the whole family disappeared

in the bushes as if by magic. I won-

dered whether the mother was saying to herself, after the manner of her

sex, that men are stupid things, after

all, and no match for the cleverness of

a female who stoops to deception in a

righteous cause.-Dr. Henry Van

AWFUL FAMINE

Charnel Pen.

provinces, says Leslie's Weekly. No

pen could describe its awful horrors.

Some of the things proved by pho-

tography are too realistically horrible

to be reproduced in any publication,

taken by the missionaries, because

many have not believed that such an awful condition could exist in this cen-

tury of plenty and prosperity. Emaciated beyond belief, the starving na-

tives crawl to the house of the nearest

sahib, usually a missionary, to crave

food; but 60,000 mouths have to be fed.

Fifteen dollars a year will feed a Hin-

du, yet even this pitiable allowance

is not to be had. The causes of the

famine are the failure of the crops, the

refusal of the native princes to allow

their hunting jungles to be converted

into fertile agricultural regions, and

the mysterious disappearance of a spe-

cial famine fund of \$100,000,000, col-

lected by the government after the fa-

mine of 1877. The Hindu is a strict

vegetarian. The low-caste Hindu is a

fatalist. So, when famine stalks abroad

the Hindu submits uncomplainingly.

The majority of the victims are women

They Used Him.

I will be your slave for life. I am a

cook by trade, and can make any dish you desire." "Well," replied the can-

nibal king, "you do look as if you

would make a good hash. I think we

can use you." This reply, somewhat

ambiguous, left the captive in doubt,

but alas! not for long .- Philadelphia

"Spare me!" cried the captive, "and

and children.

and

the

we print only a few of

less frightful photographs

The famine area in India is about

than three knighthoods.

subject : Practical Charity-The Benevo. royal, have five knighthoods. They are lence of Dorcas Extolled - Her Work Contrasted With Present Day Methods

[Copyright 1900.] WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage, who is still traveling in Northern Europe, has forwarded the following report of a sermon in which he utters helpful words to all who are engaged in alleviating human distresses and shows how such work will be crowned at the last; text. Acts will be crowned at the last; text, Acts ix, 30, "And all the widows stood by him weeping and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she

was with them."
Joppa is a most absorbing city of the Orient. Into her harbor once floated the raits of Lebanen cedar from which the temples of Jerusalem were builded, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through the town. Here Napoleon had 500 prisoners massacred. One of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Doreas a woman with her town. Here Napoleon had 500 prisoners massacred. One of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway and around about the building and in the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their pliant, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one; she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard, "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them, and as she goes out the lane eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home and sees his little boy well clad and says, "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas bought the oil. In another place a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate telling the stages of a king's disease is more anxiously waited for than the news from this benefactress. Alas, for Joppa there is wailing, wailing! Th

wailing! That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every forsaken place in that town, wherever there is a sick child and no balm wherever there is hunger and no bread, wherever there is guilt and no commiseration, wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks and streaming eyes and frantic gesticulations as they cry, "Dorcas is dead!"

They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of the place stopping with a tanner of the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the

stopping with a tanner of the name of Si mon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door and stands in the presence of the dead. What demonstration of grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amid the excited crowd, so he orders that the whole room be cleared. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostie gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of Him who is the resurrection he cries: "Tabitha, who is the resurrection he cries: "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life, the heart flutters, the nerves thrill, the cheek flushes, the eye opens, she sits

We see in this subject Dorcas, the disciple, Dorcas the benefactress, Dorcas the lamented, Dorcas the resurrected.

ple, Dorcas the benefactress, Dorcas the lamented, Dorcas the resurrected.

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needlework of this woman I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her disciple ship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow. I charge you in the name of God and by the turnoil and tumalt of the judgment day, O woman, that you attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God and being at peace with Him! When the trumpet shall sound there will be an uproar and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amid the rising of the dead and amid the boiling of yonder sea and amid the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ—calm notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the gildings of an autumnal sunset, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at even time with laughter and shouting. "Dorcas the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus!

Further, we see Dorcas, the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown; epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops and a-rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the needle. From the fig leaf robe prepared in the garden of Eden to the last stick taken on the garment for the poor the needle has wrought wonders of kindness generosity and benefaction. It adorned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle, it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon, it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth, and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier—every where—it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war cry of "Stitch, sti

have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer are constructed.

Amid the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands I set down the conquests of the acedle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the potter's field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I are talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor I shall speak only of the charities of the needle. This woman was a representative of all those who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute bearing that gospel which is sight for the blind and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses.

What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of the city of Joppa were to be relieved. She took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows and go out in the street and laugh, at the boy who has upset his basket of

tinctness.

coid victuals, or like that charry which makes a lousing speech on the benevolent platform and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying, "Hush your miserable howling!" Sufferers of the world want not so much theory are practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless you," as jackets and frocks. I will put one earnest Christian man, hard-working, against 5000 mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about church architecture who never in their lives helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedianism who never sent a farthing for evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world who never had the courage, like Dorcas, to take the needle and assault it.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people. "Come, now, and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box." The Princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII. of France, hearing that there were some persons unjustly incarcerated in the prisons, went out amid the rabble and took a stick and struck the door as a signal that they might all strike it, and down went the prison door, and out came the prisoners. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., went down amid the poor and washed their sores and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagor da, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civit war in America who has not heard of the women of the south on the battlefield, for getting all their animosities, while they bound up the wounded and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas the benefactress.

I come now to speak of Dorcas the la mented. When death struck down that

may be a very large funeral, there may be a great many carriages and a plumed hearse, there may be high sounding eulogiums, the bell may toll at the cemetery gate, there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place, but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a

sham.

The church of God has lost nothing; the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated. It is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault. It is only an idler stopped yawning. It is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar, while on the other hand no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed.

missed.

The church of God cries out, like the prophet, "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen!" Widowhood comes and showthe garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning be-

from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning because Doreas is dead.

Has that Christian woman who went away fifteen years ago nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins forgiven, in all the prosperity of the church The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Doreas is resurrected!

After awhile all these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needle for ever. After making garments for others some one will make a garment for them; the last robe we ever wear—the robe for the grave. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have heard the last cry of pain. You will have witnessed the last orphanage. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy.

I do not know where you will sleep not what your epitaph will be, but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb and an angel of God guarding it, and through all be a lamp burning at that tomb and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep From which none ever wake to weep! Then one day there will be a sky rend-ing and a whirl of wheels and the flash of pageant, armies marching, chains clank-ng, banners waving, thunders booming and that Christian woman will arise from the dust, and she will be suddenly sur-rounded—surrounded by the wanderers of

rounded—surrounded by the wanderers of the street whom she reclaimed, surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she had administered!

Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what means this? It means that reward has come; that the victory is won; that the crown is ready; that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbling earth! Sing it through all the flying heavens! Dorcas is resurrected!

In 1855, when some of the soldiers came

ling earth! Sing it through all the flying heavens! Dorcas is resurrected!

In 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two houses of Parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkermann was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the Queen of England arose before them in the name of her Government and uttered words or commendation to the officers and men and distributed those medals, inscribed with the four great battlefields—Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann and Sevastopol. As the Queen gave these to the wounded men and the wounded officers the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people, with streaming eyes, joined in the song:

God save our gracious queen!

God save our gracious queen! Long live our noble queen! God save the queen!

God save the queen!

And then they shouted "Huzza! Huzza!"
Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better and gladder day will come when Christ shal! gather those who have toiled in His service—good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shal! rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven He will say. "Well done, good and faithful servant!" And then He will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of then He will distribute the medals of eter-nal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to earth and dear to heaven—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Gethsemane and Calvary!

Culture of Basket Willows.

The long thin stems of the basket willow are called osiers, and the osier willow is the same as the basket willow. Really there are two kinds of osier willows, but there is so little difference between them that only a botanist could discover it. Generally these willows are grown on damp ground on the banks of streams or ponds, but they will grow as easily on quicker growth and stronger twigs-The best locality for growing them as a farm crop-is near a large town or city where many baskets or other willow goods are made. Large quantities of osiers are used for making chairs, children's carriages and other work besides baskets. There is a constantly increasing demand for them.

Russia's Court Languages. The czar and czarina, in their private intercourse, speak English and German, French and Italian being but seldom spoken by their majesties when alone. The czarina did not learn Russian till after her betrothal, but, though as yet speaks it very slowly, if is with a good accent and great dis-

the Ibis, discusses a number of facts, collected from various books and papers, regarding the age to which birds live. Mr. Dresser, in his "Birds of Europe," gives an instance of a raven having lived sixty-nine years. Mr Meade-Waldo has in captivity a pair of eagle owls, one of which is sixty-eight and the other fifty-three years old. Since 1864 these birds have bred regularly, and have now reared ninetythree young ones. A Batelur eagle and a condor in the Zoological gardens at Amsterdam are still alive at the respective ages of fifty-five and fifty-two. An imperial eagle of the age of fiftysix, a golden eagle of forty-six and a sea eagle of forty-two, and many other birds of the age of forty downward are also recorded.

OVARIAN TROUBLES.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM :- I write to tell you of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I was sick in bed about five weeks. The right side of my abdomen pained me and was so swollen and sore that I could not walk. The

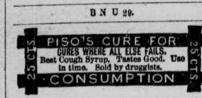
doctor told my husband I would have to band I would have to undergo an operation.
This I refused to do until I had given your medicine a trial. Before I had taken one bottle the swelling began to disappear. I continued to use your medicine your medicine until the swelling was entirely gone. When the doctor came he was very much surprised to see me so much better."—Man better."-MRS. MARY SMITH, Arlington

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I was sick for wo years with falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries and bladder. I was bloated very badly. My left limb would swell so I could not step on my foot. I had such bearing down pains I could not straighten up or walk across the room and such shooting pains would go through me that I thought I could not stand it. My mother got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told me to try it. - I took six bottles and now, thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am a well woman."

WILLS PILLS .-- BIGGEST OFFER EVER MADE. For only 10 Cents we will send to any P. O. at-dress, 10 days' treatment of the best medicine on earth, and put you on the track how to make Mon-ey right at your home. Address all orders to The R. B. Wills Medicine Company, 23 Eliza-beth St., Hugerstown, Md. Branch Offices: 129 Indiana Ave., Washington, D. C.

-MRS. ELSIE BRYAN, Otisville, Mich.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment tree. Dr. H. H. GREEN SHONS, Box B. Atlanta, Ga



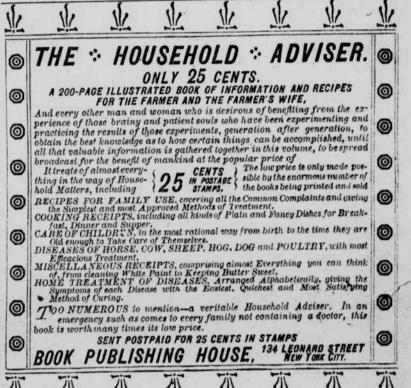
ramicted with | Thompson's Eye Water

Mr. J. H. Gurney, in an article in he list, discusses a number of facts, he list, discusses a number of facts, and na CHILLS AND FEVER.

The Best Prescription Is Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

The Formula Is Plainly Printed on Every Bottle, So That the People May Know Just What They Are Taking.

Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the Original and that all other so-called "Tasteless" chill tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are not experimenting when you take Grove's-its superiority and excellence having long been established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 500



CONSTIPATED



Means misery on the eve of life. Nine out of ten old people are constipated because the muscles of their intestines have become weak, worn out and flabby. Constipation is the curse of old age, causes bile and acid poisons to remain in the blood, making the skin yellow and wrinkled, the eyes bleary and causing the "bones to ache." Keep the bowels strong, healthy and regular and old age loses all its terrors and weaknesses. No reason why grandpa and grandma shouldn't have bright eyes, and clear ruddy skin and feel lively and active, if they will only keep their bowels open and vigorous with CASCARETS CANDY CATHARTIC, the greatest bowel tonic ever heard of. Try them to-day-a 10c box-and find that the tortures of constipated old age are

PREVENTED BY CANDY CATHARTIC ALL DRUGGISTS

HERE IT IS!

Horse! How to Pick Out . Good One? Know Imperfec-Fraud? Detect Disease and Effect a Cure when same is possible! Tell the Age by the Teeth? What to call the Different Parts of the Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Property? AR this and other Valuable Information can be obtained by reading our 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK, which we will forward, post-

BOOK PUB. HOUSE,

CONDENSED ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE, . treats upon about every subject under the sun. It contains 500 pages, prefusely illustrated, and will be sent, postpaid, for 50c, in stamps, postal note or silver. When reading you doubt matters and things AN ENCYCLOPEDIA which you do not understand and AN ENCYCLOPEDIA which you do not will, clear up for plote index, so that it may be FOR 50C. referred to deadly. This book information, presented in an interesting manner, and is times the small sum of FIFTY QENTS which we sak for it. A study of this book will prove of incalculable benefit to these whose education has been neglected, while the volume will also be found of great value to those who cannot readily command the knowledge they have sequired. BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. Ofty.

Constipation.

You cannot possibly enjoy good health unless you have at least one free movement of the bowels each day. When this is not the case, the poisonous products are absorbed into the system, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, vomiting, dyspepsia, indigestion.

Ayer's Pills

are a gentle laxative, suitable for any and every member of the family. One pill at bedtime will produce one good, natural movement the day following.

25 cents a box. All druggists.

"Ayer's Pills have done me and my family great good. They are like a true friend in trouble. There is nothing equal to them for sick headache and biliousness."—Mrs. JULIA BROWN, St. Louis,